

OCTOBER

No. 25

NATIONAL



SM
10

COMICS 10¢



DESTROYER 171

AMERICA MARCHES TO VICTORY BEHIND

UNCLE SAM

FOR VICTORY

BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



WONDER BOY



SALLY O'NEIL



THE UNKNOWN





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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SWING S/SSON

and many others



LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER

[illegible]

UNCLE SAM

by William Eisner

ACCOMPANIED BY SENATOR COREY, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY HEAD FOR NEW ADVENTURE IN PANAMA...



SPLITTING THE HEAVENS WITH ITS ROAR, A HUGE TRANSPORT KEEPS AN EVEN COURSE TOWARD SOUTH AMERICA...



WHY'RE WE GOING TO PANAMA ANYWAY, UNCLE SAM?

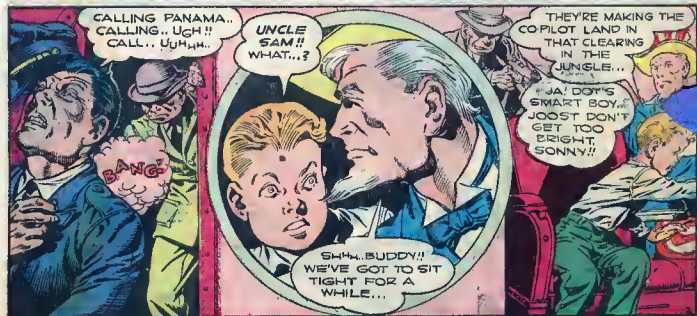
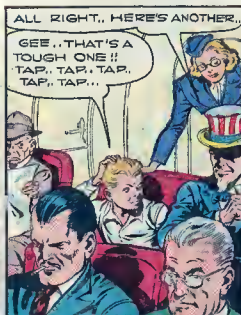
OH, NO SPECIAL REASON, BUDDY!



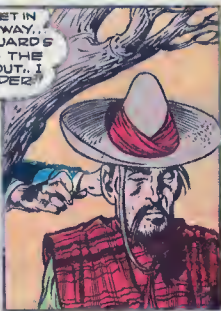
I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT AT THE CANAL... WHY? ARE YOU BORED?

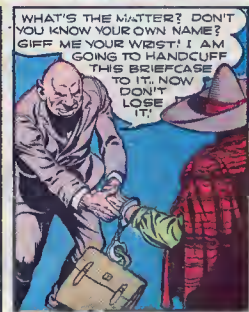
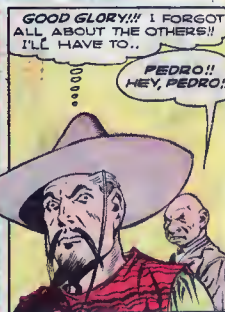
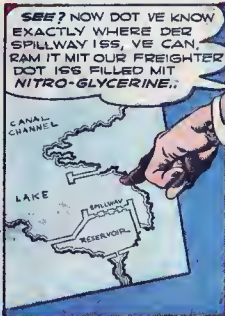
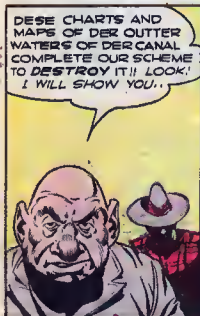
YEAH... THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE!





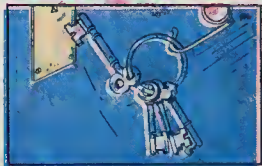
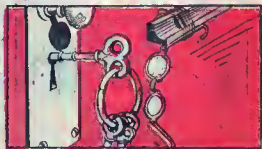
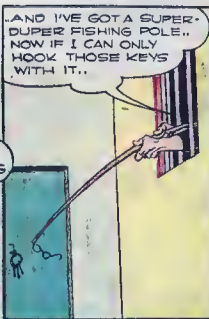




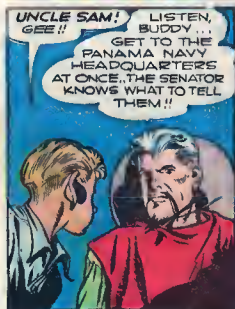




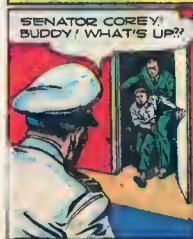
AND ATTACH THE FRAMES TO THE MOLDING LIKE THIS...







MEANWHILE, BUDDY AND THE OTHERS LAND IN PANAMA... AND RUSH TO THE NAVAL COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...



GET A PATROL BOAT AND SEARCH EVERY FREIGHTER OUTSIDE THE CANAL AT ONCE.. ONE OF THEM IS LOADED WITH NITRO-GLYCERINE AND IS GOING TO RAM THE GATUM LAKE SPILLWAY..



B..BUT THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!! THERE'S HUNDREDS OF FREIGHTERS OUT THERE!! WE...



AS THE TRIO RUN TO A PATROL CUTTER, A FAST SPEEDBOAT DRAWS ALONGSIDE ONE OF THE ANKORED FREIGHTERS..



HANS! HAVE YOU GOT THEM?



JA! GIF THEM TO ME, PEDRO..

SURE.. HERE YOU BLASTED NAZI...



HERE COMES BUDDY! I BETTER BLOW THE SHIP'S WHISTLE TO SHOW HIM WHERE I AM!!



WHAT TH'? ALL THE SHIPS HAVE STARTED TOOTING..NOW HE'LL NEVER FIND..WAIT.. I'VE AN IDEA!!



WHAT A RACKET.. WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND IT..



CAPTAIN, LISTEN.. THAT WHISTLE TOOT..TOOT.. TOOT..TOOT.. TOOT.. THAT'S IT.. IT'S THE SAME RYTHYM AS THE GAME WE PLAYED...IT'S THAT SHIP THERE!!

KAMERAD!

PUT 'EM UP, BOYS.

UNCLE SAM..



HI, BUDDY!! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE..

IT'S A GOOD THING WE PLAYED THAT GAME "BOY!! WE'D HAVE NEVER FOUND YOU!!



THE BRIEFCASE.. HAVE YOU GOT IT??

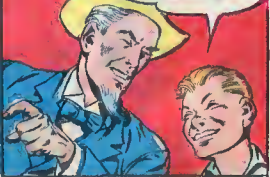
RIGHT HERE, SENATOR.. SAFE AND SOUND..



COME ON, UNCLE SAM.. WE WANT TO BLOW UP THIS TUB..

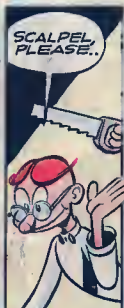
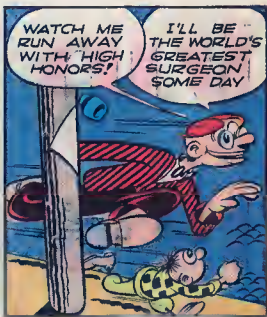
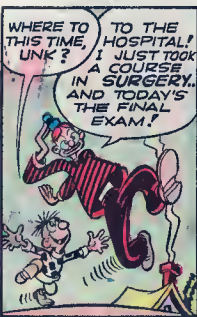
RIGHT.. COME ON, BUDDY.. LISTEN.. I'VE GOT A NEW ONE FOR YOU.. TAP..TAP..TAP.. TAP..TAP..TAP..

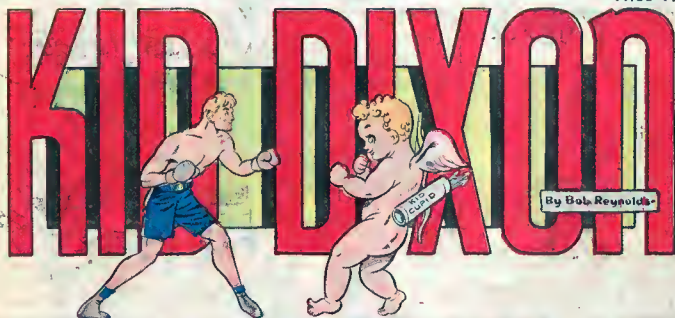
HO! THAT'S EASY.. IT'S THE BEST SONG OF THEM ALL.. THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!!



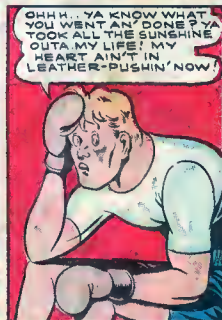
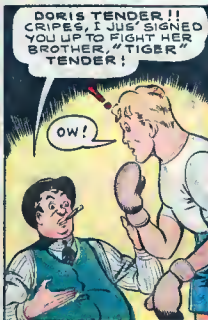
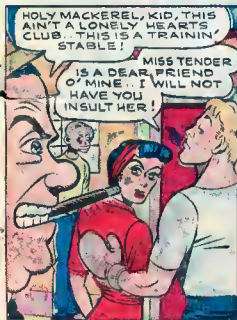
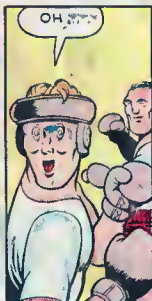
WINDY

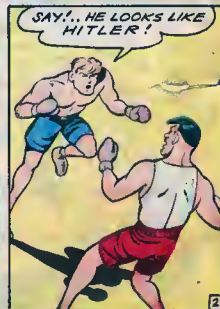
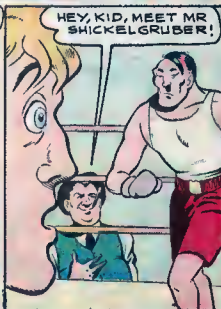
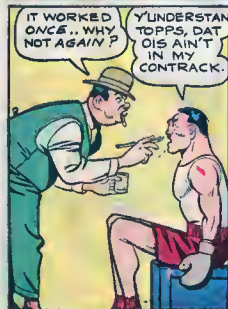
BREEZE

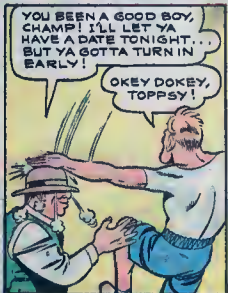
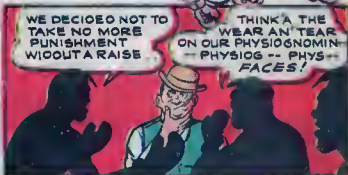
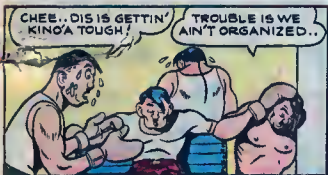
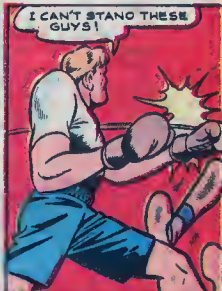
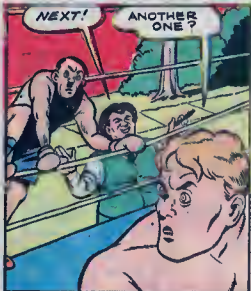
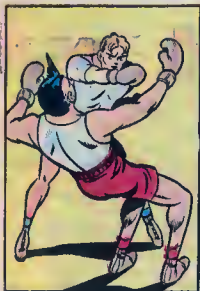


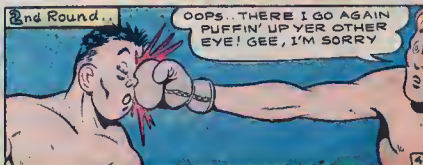
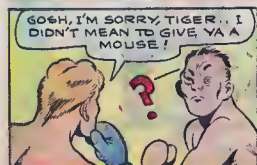
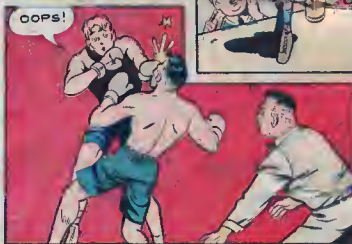
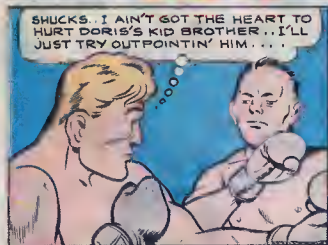
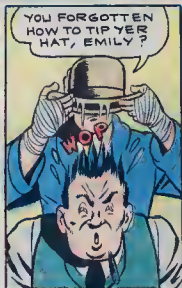
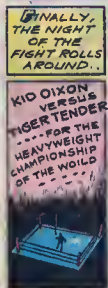


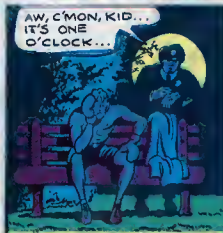
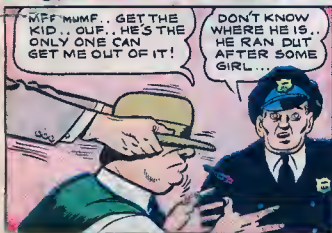
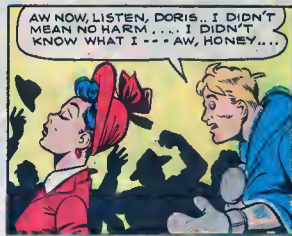
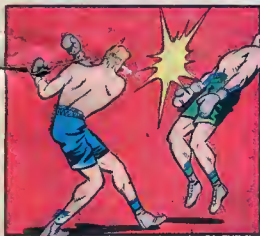
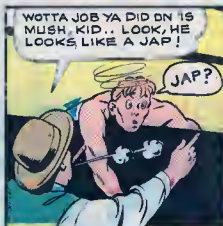
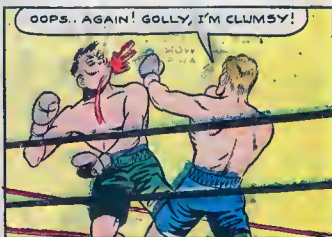
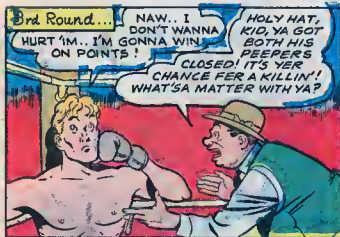
By Bob Reynolds











FOLLOW THE FURTHER FISTIC FORTUNES OF 'KID DIXON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS..

The UNKNOWN

by MOORE BONDS

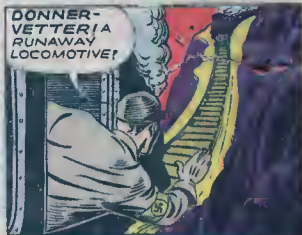


THE UNKNOWN! A NAME THAT STRIKES MORTAL TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE RUTHLESS BEASTS WHO HOLD ALL EUROPE IN A GRIP OF DEATH! WHERE WILL HE STRIKE NEXT?

A GERMAN TRAIN LOADED WITH MILITARY SUPPLIES SPEEDS TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT!

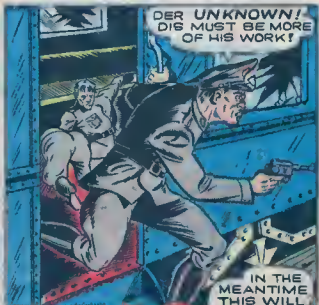
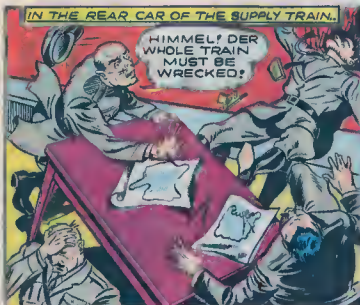


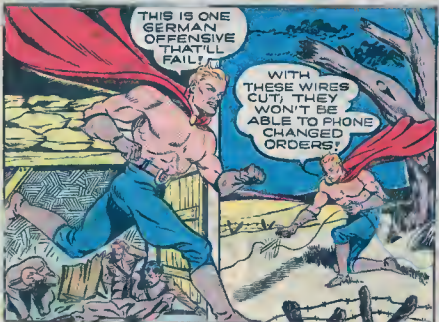
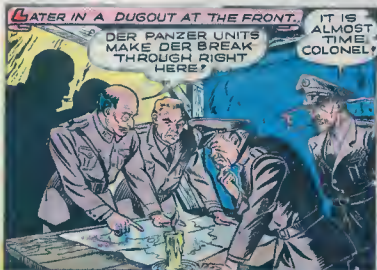
DONNER-VETTERIA RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE!

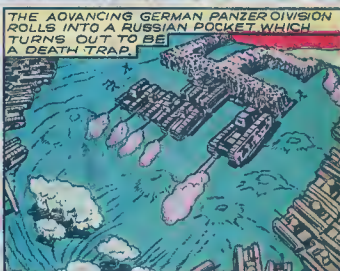
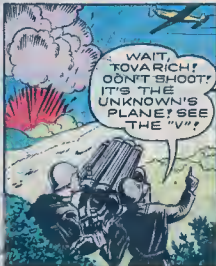
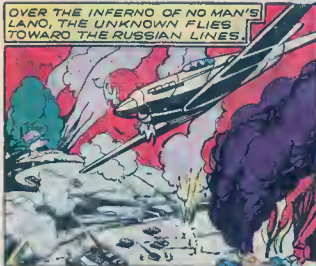


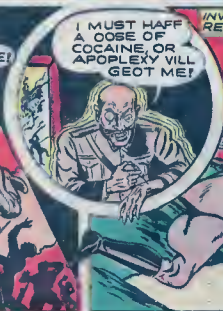
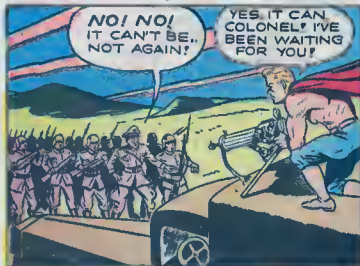
YES, NAZI ENGINEER, A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE, BRINGING YOU SWIFT, SURE DEATH!

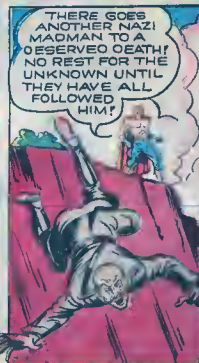
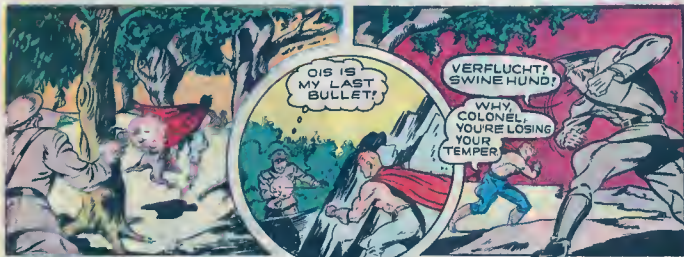












Quicksilver

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD

by Nick Cardy

ONCE AGAIN THAT KING OF SPEED QUICKSILVER, COMES TO THE AID OF SOCIETY... AN' TH' PARTICULAR SOCIETY THIS TIME AM HARLEM'S "PUSSY-FOOT" O'BRIEN!

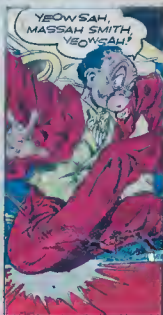


'SCUSE ME BOSS! IF YOU ALL SEE ME AGAIN, JUS' CALL ME PUSSY-FOOT O'BRIEN!



..GO, SUH, AN' NEVAH DARKEN MAH DOOR AGAIN!

HA! HA! HA!



YEOWSAH, MASSAH SMITH YEOWSAH!

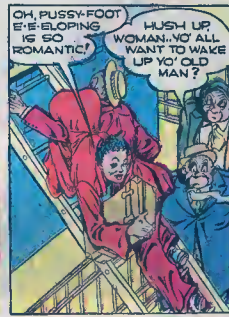
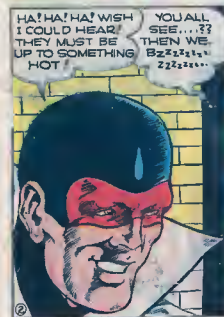
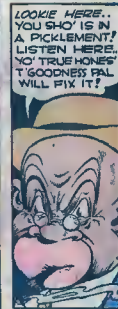
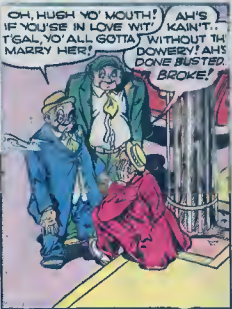
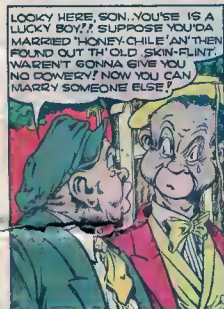


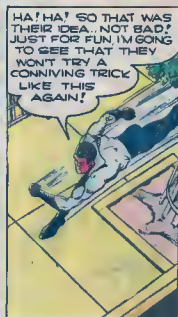
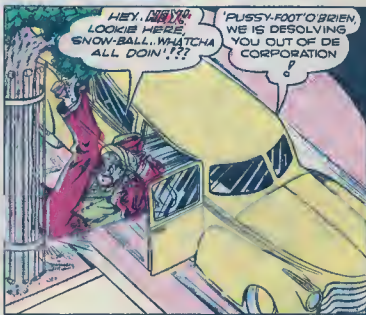
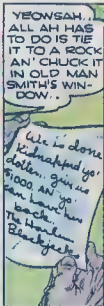
BUT, FATHER, AH LOVES PUSSY-FOOT O'BRIEN!

AH DON'T CARE, DOTTER!



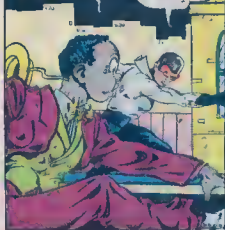
ALL HE LOVES IS TH' MONEY AH WON WHEN AH HIT TH' NUMBERS AN' AH EM... BE... CAME A RICH MAN!



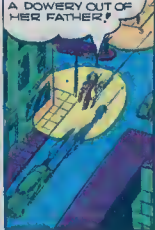


HI-YO'-ALL, MR. QUICKSILVER,
IS YO' ALL COMIN' T'HELP
ME GET MAH
'HONEY-CHILE
BACK?

YES.. BUT
NOT, TO HELP
YOU!



I OUGHT TO
WHACK THE DAYLIGHTS
OUT OF YOU FOR
RIGGING UP THIS
PHONEY KIDNAPPING
SO YOU COULD GET
A DOWERY OUT OF
HER FATHER!



BUT, MISTER
QUICKSILVER..
IT AIN'T A
PHONEY...
NO MORE!



Y'SEE, HONEY CHILE AN'
ME WAS GONNA ELOPE AN'
WHILE WE WAS
GONE, SNOW-BALL AN'
SLEEPY WAS ALL
GONNA COLLECT TH'
RANSOM AN' KINDA
GIVE IT TO US FO' A
WEDDIN' PRESENT!



BUT AH'S BEEN
DOUBLE-CROSSED!
SNOW-BALL AN'
SLEEPY IS DONE
KIDNAPPED
HONEY-CHILE
FOR REAL!



...ITS TH' TRUTH,
MISTER QUICKSILVER!



I BELIEVE YOU, PUSSY-FOOT!
HOLD TIGHT AND WE'LL
CATCH UP WITH
THEM!

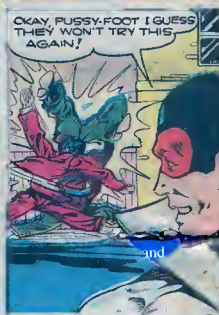
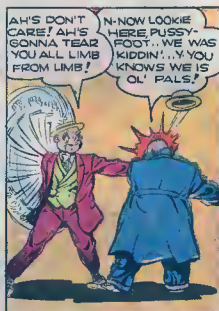
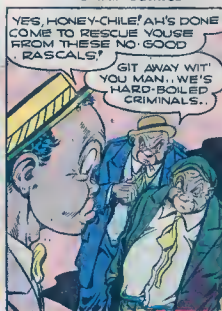


HERE'S THEIR CAR,
PUSSY-FOOT.. LET'S
SEE YOU MAKE
A REAL HERO
OF YOURSELF!



WHO THAT THERE??
MAN, LOOK OUT..
WHATCHA DOING??
AH'S CAIN'T
SEE!!





KID PATROL

by
Dan Wilson

HEAH WE
GOES
AGIN'?

THERE'S NEVER A DULL
MOMENT, WHEN THAT
FUNNY, FROLICKING FOUR-
SOME, THE KID PATROL,
RIDES THE RAILS FOR
A SPEEDY SPASH OF
ADVENTURE.

LISTEN
KIDS, I GOT
A SWELL IDEA
FOR A VACATION!
LET'S HOP A
BOX CAR
ON A TRAIN
AN...

WHAT?

WE HAS ALWAYS
FOLLERED YO, TEDDY,
AIN'T GWINE YO
TA WIN!

HAS
YOU GONE
OAFY
BOY?

NOTHIN'
DOIN'!

I'M
STAYIN'
PUT!

BUT THAT
NIGHT...

AH SHO' HOPES
AH HAS NO
REGRETS?

KID
PATROL

SEE? IT'S EASY!
THERE'S AN
EMPTY CAR
NOW. C'MON!

OH, TEDDY,
MAYBE WE
SHOULDN'T...

ALL'S
CLEAR!
LET 'ER
ROLL!

HEY, MISTUH!
JEST A
MINUTE, AH'S
GITTIN'....

POOR PORKY IS AMAZED
AT HIS OWN STRENGTH,
AS HE AND SUNSHINE
FLY BACKWARD
THROUGH THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE CAR.

WHAT YA TRYIN'
TA DO DUMB BELL...
LAND US ALL IN
JAIL?

LEMME
GO!

HALP!

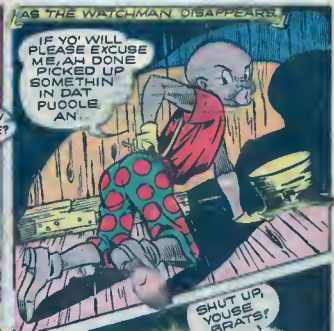
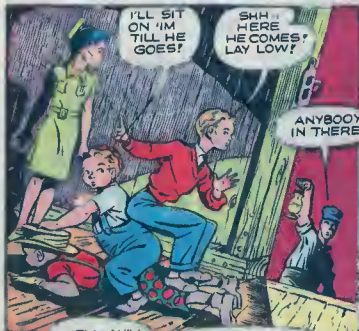
NOW YA
DONE IT...
THEY STOPPED
THEY TRAIN AND
ARE LOOKIN FER
US... GIT YOUR
HEAD DOWN IN
THAT
PUDDLE!

PSST!
PORKY...
SUNSHINE...
IN HERE!

AWK!

SUNSHINE!
STOP THAT
WRIGGLING!
THE WATCH-
MAN IS
GOING
BY.

AH
AH
CAIN'T
HELP
IT!



YOU ASKED
FER IT, KIO?
NOW TAKE A
NICE AIRING...

WHILE I TALK BUSINESS
WITH YOUR PALS HERE..
NOW WHAT'LL IT BE?
OO I DROP THE RUNT
ON HIS BEAN, OR OO
YA PLAY BALL
WITH US?!

B-BRING
HIM IN...WE'LL
O-OO ANYTHING
YOU SAY..

LISTEN, SQUIRT.. WE NEED
SOME DIFFERENT DUDDS..
NEXT STATION, YOU'RE
GONNA YELL YER FOOL
HEAD OFF, SO THE WATCH-
MAN'LL COME, AND
WE KIN KONK
'IM!

OHhhhhh

Y-Y
YASSUH!

YEOW!

THAT NOISE
CAME FROM
DOWN HERE..
SAY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON IN
THERE?

AH'M GETTIN' ON,
MISTER.. AN IF YO
IS SMAHT YOU'LL
GET GOIN' FAST!

HUH?

DOES YAH WANNA GET
BOPPEO BY A COUPLA
CONVICTS IN DAT BOX
CAH?

C-CONVICTS!
I'LL GET
THE BOYS!

C'MON, MEN! THERE'S
A COUPLA JAIL BIRDS
IN ONE OF THE CARS.
SURROUND
THE YARD!

THERE THEY
ARE NOW...HOPPING
THAT MORNING
FREIGHT OUT TA
TOWN! GOT
THE KIDS WITH
'EM TOO!

HEY! WE
CAN'T LET
THESE
MUGGS
KICK US
AROUND!

O.K. PORKY,
UP AND AT
'EM!

HAVE A
BOUNCE,
YA BIG BUM!

UGH!

BULLY A BUNCHA
KIDS WILL
YA?

LOOK! THE
KIDS ARE
FIGHTING THEM!
C'MON, BOYS!
HOLD 'EM,
KIDS!
HOLD 'EM!

EEEE!

BUT THAT NO
FREIGHT
CARBEE!

HOME AGAIN THE
KIDS GET A
ROUSING CHEER
FOR THE CAPTURE
OF TWO DESPERA
DOGS.

GLORY
BE!

G-GOLLY,
FELLAS!
LOOK!

WELCOME
HOME
KID PATROL

DIDNT
AM
DOONE
TOL'
YO!

EEOWW!

RUN
AWAY
FROM
WOMEN
HUM?

THE SONS OF
MISCHIEF RETURN
ADVENTURE IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
of National Comics... WATCH
FOR THE KID PATROL!



BROWSING ABOUT
A SECOND-HAND
BOOK SHOP, SALLY
FINDS A STRANGE
VOLUME.

HMM MAPS
OF THE CITY
WITH FOREIGN
MARGINAL
NOTES?

SHE HAS
FOUND
DER MAPS.

THIS BOOK IS
NOT FOR
SALE, MISS!

OH! I'M
SORRY I'LL
FIND SOME
THING
ELSE!

GOOT!
SHE GOES
NOW!



THAT SHOPKEEPER CERTAINLY
SEEMED QUEER ABOUT THAT
BOOK. I'LL JUST KEEP AN EYE
ON THE SHOP FROM ACROSS
THE STREET.



BOOK SALLY'S SUSPECT LEAVES
THE SHOP AND JUMPS INTO
A TAXI WITH A WOMAN
CAB DRIVER.



IT'S A GOOD THING MY
PASS KEY FITS THIS BACK
DOOR. I'VE GOT TO GET
HOLD OF THAT BOOK!



ANOTHER
IT IS!

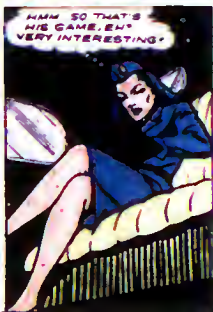


NOW TO GET OUT
OF HERE AND DO
SOME FAST
READING!



AROUND
THE PARK,
CABBY!

YES,
MISS!



HMM. SO THAT'S
HIS GAME, EH?
VERY INTERESTING.

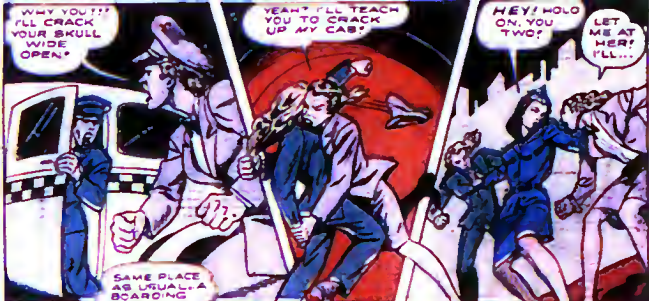


SUDDENLY, ANOTHER CAB
CRASHES HEADLONG
INTO SALLY'S

OHHH!



WHAT A CRACK-UP!
THANK GOODNESS,
I WAS ONLY
SHAKEN
UP!



RETURNING TO HEADQUARTERS, SALLY GOES THROUGH THE FILE ON REGISTERED ALIENS

HMM...HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN...AN AMERICAN CITIZEN OF GOOD REPUTATION?



AHH...HERE'S SOMETHING... HAS A **TWIN BROTHER** WHO IS ACTIVE IN NAZI GERMANY! SO THAT RAT KILLED HIS SICK BROTHER AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE TO DO HIS FIFTH COLUMN **DIRTY WORK** UNDER COVER!



NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, THE GAS SUPPLY TANKS WERE SPOTTED OFF IN THAT MAP BOOK! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BOOK SHOP!



MY LITTLE BOOK SHOP FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE VISITORS...THE WRONG KIND THEY'RE GOING TO MOVE A TRUCK OF DYNAMITE!



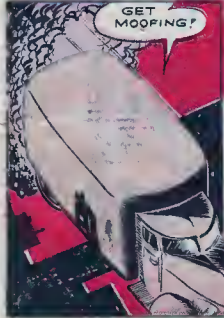
THIS MUST BE THE TRUCK, I'LL HOP IN AND GO ALONG



PUT DER DYNAMITE IN DER TRUCK.. QVICK!



GET MOOFING!



GUESS I'LL JOIN THE POWDER STICKS IN THIS CASE!

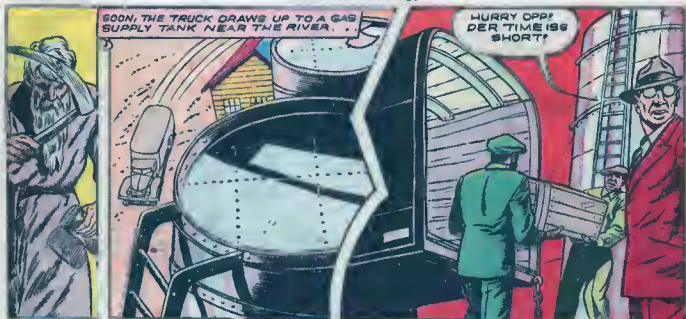


THEY'LL NEVER SPOT ME IN HERE!



AND THE TRUCK ROARS OFF TOWARDS ITS OMINOUS MISSION.







BUT IT'LL NEVER
GET TO THE
POWDER!



A LADY
COP?...
WHAA...?

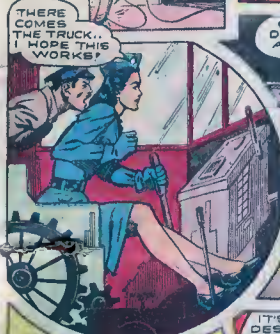
HEY, GUARD! IS
THERE A
CONTROL
FOR THE RIVER
DRAWBRIDGE
SOMEWHERE?



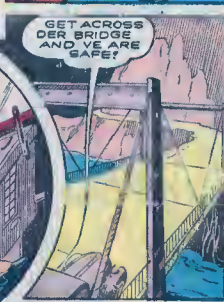
YEAH, IN THE
GASHOUSE
SHED!



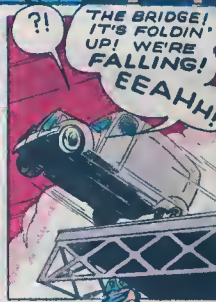
LET'S
GO!



THERE
COMES
THE TRUCK...
I HOPE THIS
WORKS!



GET ACROSS
DER BRIDGE
AND VE ARE
SAFE!



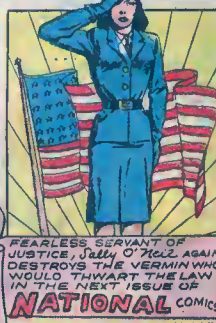
?!
THE BRIDGE!
IT'S FOLDIN'
UP! WE'RE
FALLING!
EEAAH!



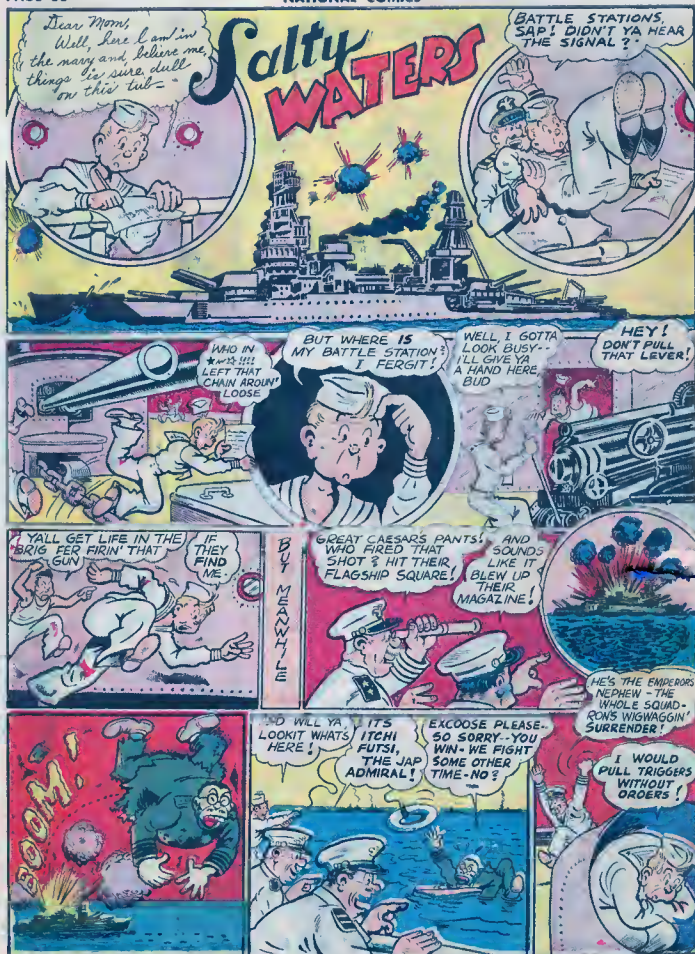
OH...
HOW
HORRIBLE!

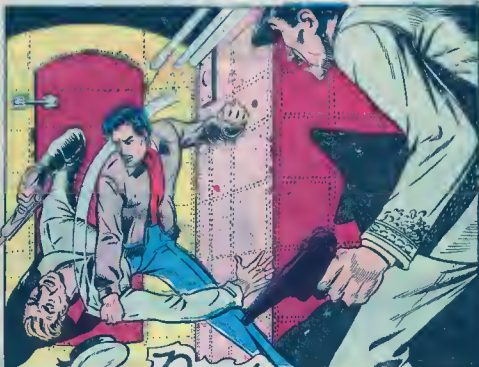


IT'S O.K., LADY. THEY
DESERVED IT! AN' YOU
RATE A MEDAL FOR
STOPPIN' THAT GANG
O' NAZIS!



FEARLESS SERVANT OF
JUSTICE, Sally O'Neil AGAIN
DESTROYS THE VERMIN WHO
WOULD THWART THE LAW
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS.





AS PROP AND LANK WING
THEIR WAY TOWARD THE
COAST GUARD BASE...

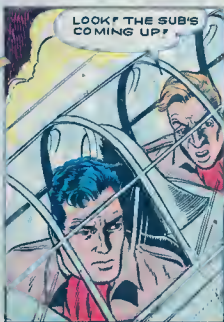
AIR BASE CALLING
2743..CALLING 2743..
PROCEED TO S.S.
ORCHID SINKING
FAST.. LOCATION
FOLLOWS?

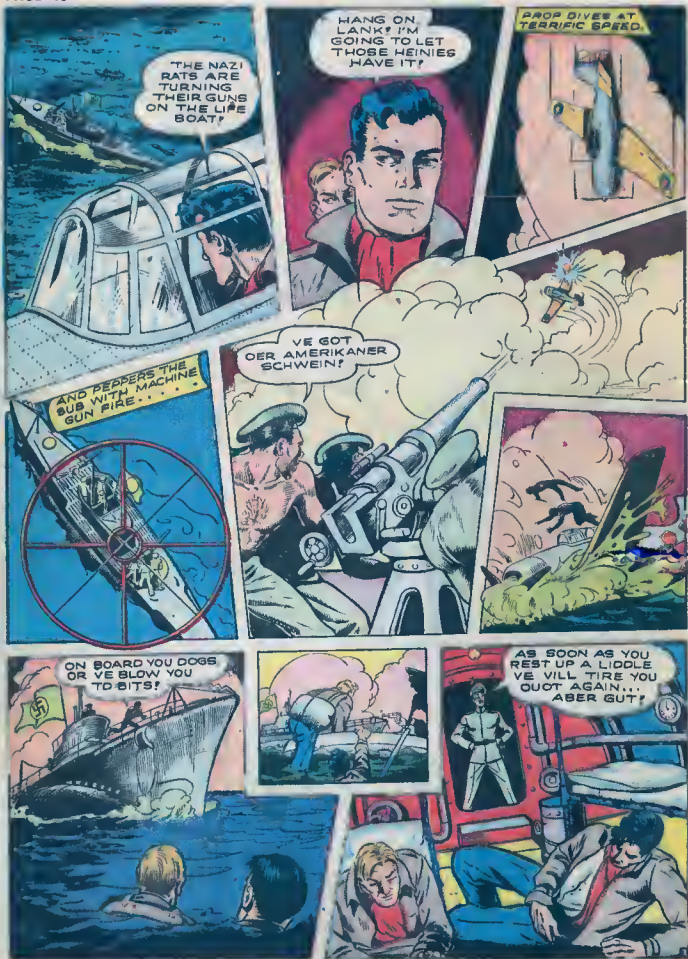
LOOKS
LIKE WE
AIN'T
HEADIN'
FER HOME
YET,
PROP?

Prop POWERS

PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL, LANK, ARE TWO OF AMERICA'S
COAST GUARD ACES, ROAMING THE SKIES, SEARCHING
FOR ANY THREAT TO OUR SHORES WHICH THEY ARE
PREPARED TO DEFEND
TO THE DEATH..

BY Lynn Byrd

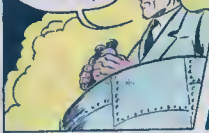




AFTER AWHILE, PROP AND LANK ARE BROUGHT TO THE DECK OF THE SUB.



JA? YOU SEE, AN INTELLIGENT NAVY SUCH AS OER GERMAN VUN ISS ABLE TO DO OARING THINGS. VE REFUEL FROM DER CARRIER UND SOON HER PLANES VILL BOMB YOUR CORRUPT AMERIKANER CITIES!



SO YOU ARE FROM OER COAST GUARD, EH? GUT... YOU VILL TELL US HOW YOUR PATROLS OPERATE?



DOON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, FANCY PANTS! WE OON'T SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE!



IDIOTS! VE VILL SWEAT DER INFORMATION OUDT OF YOU!



LET'S TRY FOR A BREAK, LANK!

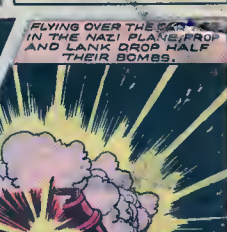
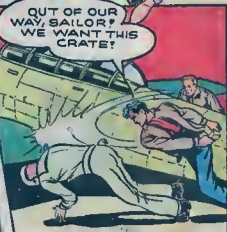


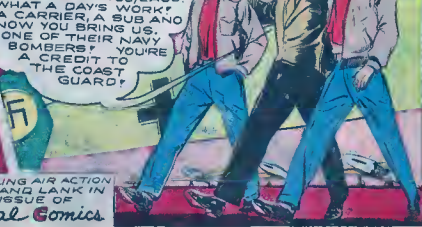
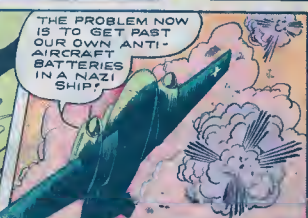
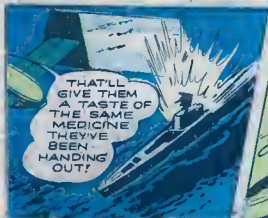
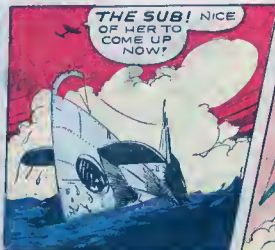
ALL HANDS ON DECK! SEIZE DEM!



TAKE DEM BELOW!







MORE DAZZLING AIR ACTION WITH PROP AND LANK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **National Comics**

MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SPIDER OF DOOM

PORD
TAHT
LRIG!

AAGH-
HELP!

AS HE TRAVELS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN USES HIS POWERS OF MAGIC TO ASTOUND AND DESTROY THE FEARSOME CREATURES LEASHED UPON THE EARTH BY THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY.

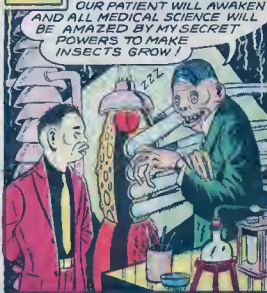
by LANCE BLACKWOOD

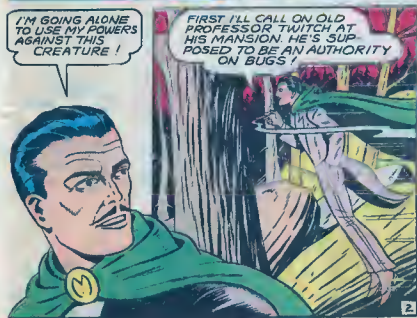
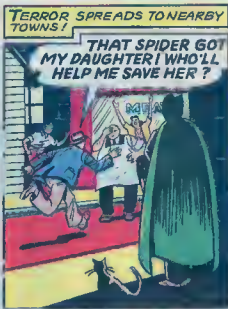
A LIGHT BLAZES BRIGHTLY IN THE SECLUDED CASTLE MANSION OF PROFESSOR MORDECAI TWITCH.

INSIDE

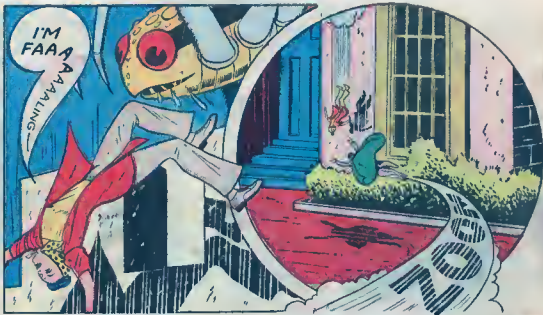
TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT, FANG-
OUR PATIENT WILL AWAKEN
AND ALL MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL
BE AMAZED BY MY SECRET
POWERS TO MAKE
INSECTS GROW!

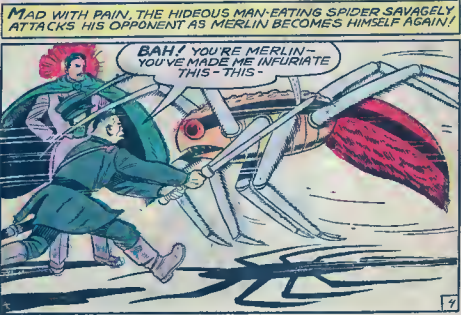
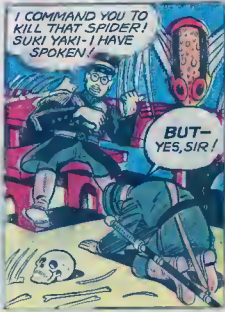
FOR YEARS I HAVE
INJECTED GROWTH
PLAZMA INTO THIS
SPIDER UNTIL IT'S
BECOME A HUGE
SPECIMEN OF THE
ARACHNIDA SALT-
ICIDAE! I WILL BE
RICH! HA, HEE!

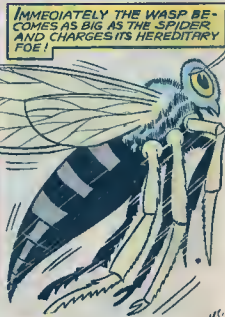
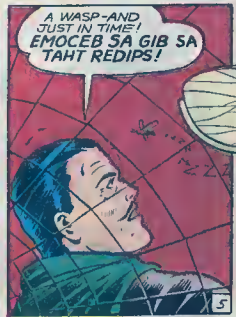
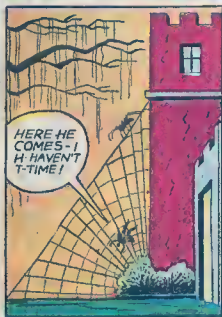
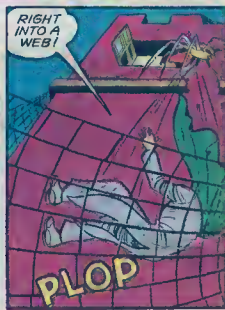
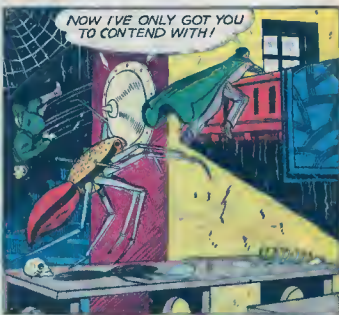


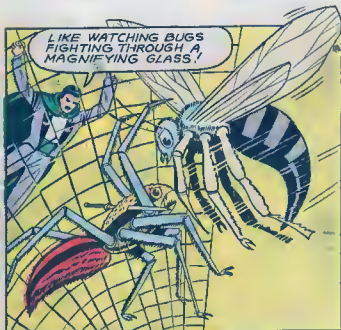


REDIPS, PORD
RUOY MITCIV!

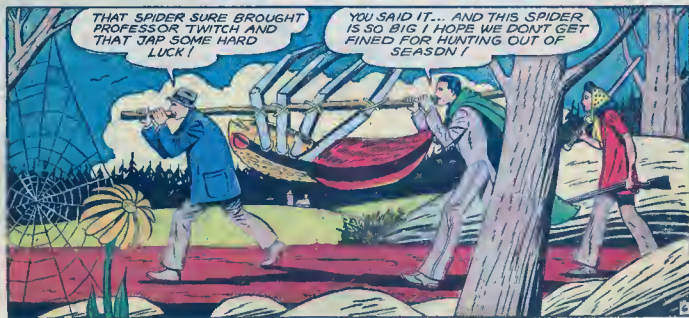
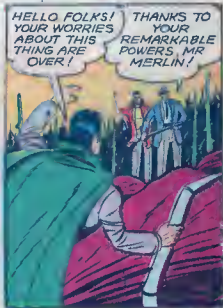
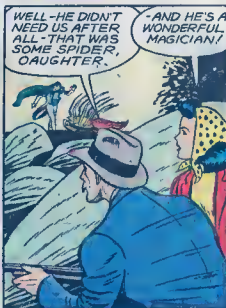
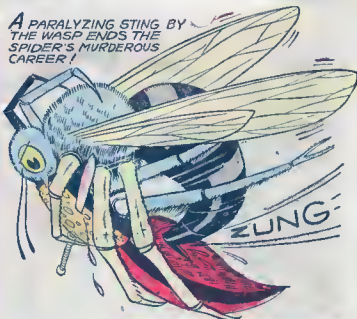








A PARALYZING STING BY THE WASP ENDS THE SPIDER'S MURDEROUS CAREER!



GHOST TOWN MURDER

Ghost Town lay asleep under the wan moonlight. The bleached carcasses of its ancient buildings were whitish bones in a skeleton graveyard. The eerie effect was not lessened by the several score of tattered crosses studding "boot-hill" immediately back of the town. Each of those crosses could have told a story—a story of violence and bloodshed and sudden death. For Ghost Town—once known as Bonalite—had a history more vivid than any of the many other abandoned mining towns in the area.

But Ghost Town was not without life. There was old Bullwhip Sellers, who occupied a ramshackle cabin at the east edge of the town. Bullwhip was a desert rat of the first (and last) water.

Bullwhip's past wasn't very well known by anyone. He was a taciturn, moody man, seeming to hate the world and everything in it. Everything, that is, except the meager grains of gold dust he wrested from the earth.

All these things I learned subsequently, after I was called on to solve the murder that occurred near Ghost Town last September. It was one of the strangest cases I ever handled, and I've been in on some queer ones, you can be sure, in my ten years as a detective! I arrived in Ghost Town at—

But perhaps I should introduce Johnny Kwan at this point. For it is about Johnny that this story deals. Young Kwan was a Korean, English Editor of "The New Korean," the newspaper of that name published in Los Angeles.

Johnny, a very well educated chap with an unquenchable penchant for the bizarre and out-of-the-ordinary, had slipped up to Ghost Town to "pick up a bit of the old West," as he had put it. Naturally he had met old Bullwhip, and right off they had

struck up a sort of friendship. (At least this is what Johnny wrote back to his paper, which he kept informed of most of his movements.)

Going over the sheaf of letters he sent into the editorial office, we pieced together the following story: Johnny had arrived in Ghost Town on a Sunday evening, driving his small sedan. Having heard something of Bullwhip, he called on him first, hoping that Bullwhip would help him find a suitable place to bed down for the duration of his visit. Bullwhip had obliged him by helping to clean a room in the Pot o' Gold Hotel, most of which was still standing.

About a week later he went with Bullwhip on one of the man's many quests for a richer gold mine. They worked well into the Fire Mountains, finding nothing in the way of good "color."

Johnny knew not one thing about prospecting, but he picked up considerable information from old Bullwhip, and by the end of a week, he knew how to detect color, and the type of terrain in which to look for it.

"Look," he said to Bullwhip one morning when they were preparing to start forth. "I like the looks of that canon a mile east of here; you don't. So what you say I tackle that one, and you go up the one you prefer?" (These are his own quotes, from his letters.)

Bullwhip readily agreed, and gave him one of the burros. Johnny and the old prospector parted then, each on his own way.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day that Johnny stumbled upon a streak of color in a ledge of quartz. At first he couldn't believe it; it looked too

rich. But applying the usual tests, he found to his delight that he had indeed discovered a healthy vein of virgin gold. He carefully marked the place and returned hurriedly to camp. Bullwhip was there, not in a very good mood, because he had been unlucky. When Johnny told him about his find, Bullwhip was skeptical. So the next morning they set out for Johnny's claim.

When Bullwhip saw the vein (according to the letters) he simply stared, his mouth hanging open, and said one word—a blustering oath. But it was an exclamation of surprise. He had never seen a richer streak. He thumped Johnny on the back, telling him that he was a wealthy man. Johnny insisted that half of the gold was Bullwhip's. But the old prospector turned it down.

"It's all yours, you danged young Indian," he cried. "I'll help ye git rigged up and show ye how to start minin'. We'll start in the mornin'."

So that was how it was. Bullwhip got Johnny started at the mining operations, then he left on another hunt. This time, he assured Johnny, he would find a claim or else!

That's as far as the letters went. From the time Johnny got his mine going, no letters were forthcoming. A month passed. Two. The office sent letter after letter, but no reply. They began to get worried. This wasn't like Johnny. And even the advent of the mine could hardly change their capable young editor so much. So I was called in to make the trip. It was more of a lark for me, I felt. I had the idea that mining that yellow gold had gone somewhat to Kwan's head; it's happened to millions of others.

I met old Bullwhip and heard all the details. Johnny had worked his mine until it petered

out. Then he had left Ghost Town, according to Bullwhip. He was bowled over when I told him that Johnny had never returned to his home.

There was little doubt that Johnny had gone; his car wasn't anywhere around and, little as I know about mines, I could see that the vein had been worked clean.

I hung around Ghost Town for two or three days and chatted a lot with Bullwhip. I knew there was something he was holding back, but just what it was I couldn't pry loose. Of course, I laid much of Bullwhip's reticence to his peculiar mode of life—alone for years. Yet I couldn't put the thing out of mind, that Bullwhip wasn't telling all he knew.

The next afternoon I was strolling through "boothill" when I came suddenly upon a grave that looked different from the others. At first I couldn't tell what was different, but a closer inspection showed me that the hard ground was slightly lighter in color than the rest of the grim place. So this was a newer grave! Bullwhip was on a gold hunt in the hills, so I had no fear that he would see me. I got a shovel and soon had that grave open.

Yes, you guessed it, I found all that remained of Johnny Kwan. The side of his head was either bashed in or it had been blown away by a gunshot. I filled in the grave and decided to say nothing to Bullwhip for the nonce. After all I couldn't prove that he had killed Johnny.

But that night I couldn't refrain from saying something to Bullwhip about his reluctance to tell all. I said, "Bullwhip, you aren't telling me everything I want to know about Johnny's disappearance. You know something. Come on, spill it!"

I saw him tense. He looked at me queerly with his narrow, oblique eyes. "Yeah?" he drawled. "An' what if I do know somethin' I ain't peeped? What would you do about it?" Bullwhip always carried a heavy revolver and his hand hovered over it like the

talons of a hawk. I grinned.

"Don't like kidding worth a darn, do you?" I breezed. "Forget it, Bullwhip." But I knew that henceforth I would have to be on my guard. I found out soon enough that I was right.

"Let's go up an' have a look at Johnny's old mine tomorrer," invited Bullwhip the next morning. "I think I'll go down to Benton and pick up some grub. Be back this evenin'."

He rode off then, swearing to his burros. I decided to take a look at Johnny's mine on my own. So I set out soon after Bullwhip had disappeared from view. I was within a mile of the mine entrance when I saw it. Bullwhip's burros standing idly near the mine. I squinted. Yes, Bullwhip was up in a juniper tree doing something. But what? I wished I had binoculars. It didn't take the fellow long to do what he was about. A few minutes later he descended, mounted a burro and rode south.

I hurried to the mine. I climbed that tree and found a neat little engine of death all ready and waiting. For me! But I also saw how I'd fool Bullwhip and force a confession out of him.

As we rode to the mine the next morning, Bullwhip bumbled a slangy desert song. He was in jolly fettle. We dismounted near

the tree. Bullwhip hung back, fumbling with a saddle cinch. He said, "You go ahead, Mike. I'll be with you soon's I fix this consarn cinch; keeps slippin'."

I went ahead. But I went prepared. First I loosened the gun in my shoulder holster. Then I picked up a length of timber which I had placed there the day before. When I was a few feet from the tree, I hurled the timber. There was a terrific roar, and the dust swirled up just where I should have been had I followed Bullwhip's suggestion.

I whirled quickly, drawing my gun, covering the startled Bullwhip, who already had his Colt half way out of its holster.

"'Fooled' you, Bullwhip!" I snapped. "Johnny didn't. Pretty clever of you to fasten that shotgun in the tree. No one—especially Johnny—could see that thin strand of copper wire against the sand. Johnny kicked it, jerking the trigger on the shotgun . . . Well, let's start riding. I'm arresting you for the murder of John Kwan."

* * *

P.S.: Oh, yes. Where was Johnny's car? Clever old Bullwhip! He had smashed it to pieces and buried it in "boot-hill" alongside the other corpses!

Read **STORMY FOSTER**
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF

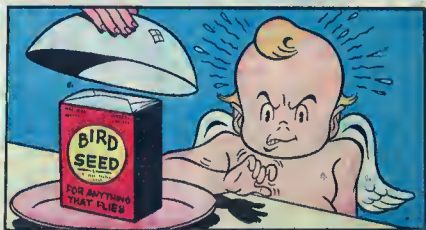
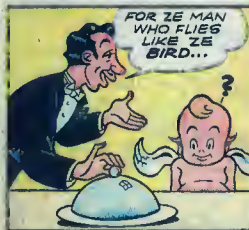
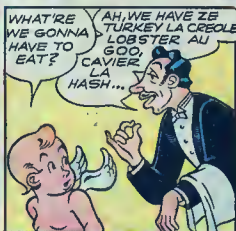
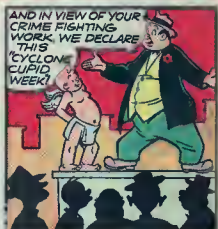
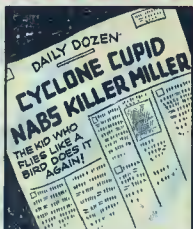
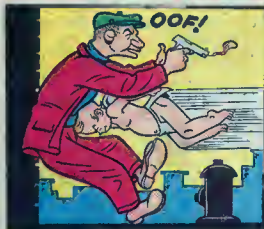
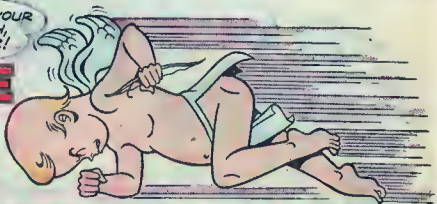
HIT
COMICS

ON SALE AUGUST 5TH

CYCLONE CUPID

HE AINT STUPID
BY GILL FOX-

THIS IS YOUR
FINISH,
KILLER!







INSIDE, A WANDERING REVIVALIST INCITES THE PEOPLE.

THE NEW OAM IS A SIN! NO 6000 CITIZEN SHOULD HAVE ANY PART IN THIS DIRTY WORK!

RIGHT!

HURRAY!

YAY!

A NICE, PEACEFUL LITTLE TROUBLE MAKER, EH? I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

THE MEETING'S OVER... I'LL JUST TAIL THIS BIG-MOUTHED MUGG, AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

IT'S ALL SET, BOYS! I GOT THOSE FOOLS ALL STIRRED UP! THEY WON'T TRY TO INTERFERE!

NICE WORK! DON'T FORGET TO START THAT LITTLE RIOT HERE AND GET THE GUAROS AWAY FROM THE OAM!

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME, IS IT?

IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!

SOON...

THE RIOT'S STARTED ALREADY, BUT THIS IS ONE FIGHT I'M NOT GETTING INTO..

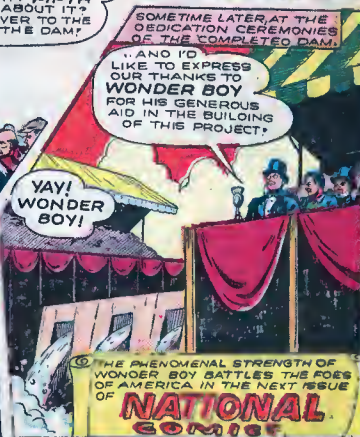
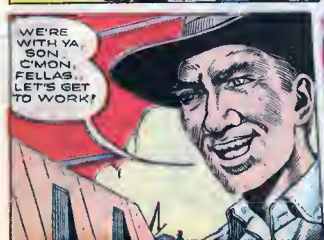
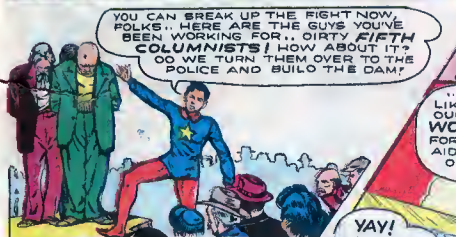
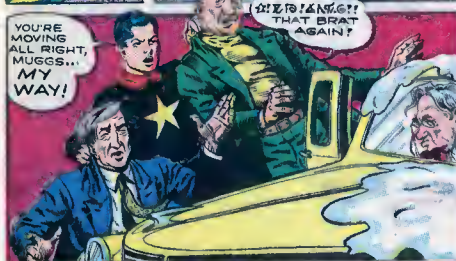
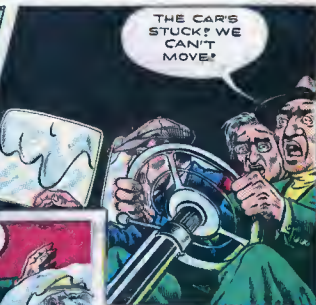
WE DON'T WANT NO OAM!

THERE'S SOMETHING STIRRING AT THE DAM... AND THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING!

WHAT THE..?

NO OAM





MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

ARTHUR
OBERMAN

I GEE THAT WE'LL
HAVE TO WIN THIS
GAME IN SPITE OF THE
UMPIRE, PEGGY!
HE DON'T LIKE
US!

I'D APPRECIATE IT
IF YOU GIRLS WOULD
STOP FIXING YOUR
FACES LONG ENOUGH
TO CONTINUE THE
GAME, PLEASE

OH-
KEEP.
QUIET,
PICKLE
PUSS!

I'D FINE ALL YOU
DAMES IF I WUZNT
A GENTLEMAN!

YES? WELL--
TAKE--

THAT!

CRACK!!

BOY-- THAT'S A
HOMER IF I
EVER SAW ONE!



SAFE!
I MADE
IT!!



FOUL BALL! C'MON--
YOU'RE STILL UP TO
BAT!

WHAT?



YOU'D BETTER HURRY TO
YOUR HOUSE, YOU CROOKED
THING! I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT A REAL
HOME RUN
IS!



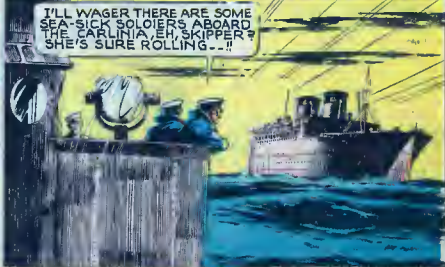
AS DAWN BREAKS, THE PAWNEE'S
SKIPPER, LIEUT. COMMANDER
BLAKE IS ON THE BRIDGE
WITH HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER

KEEP THE MEN ON
THE HYDROPHONES,
CONROY... WE DON'T
WANT A JAP SUB
SLIPPING UP ON US



THE HEAVY, ROLLING BULK OF THE TRANSPORT PLOWS
ALONG STEADILY OFF THE PAWNEE'S PORT BEAM

I'LL WAGER THERE ARE SOME
SEA-SICK SOLDIERS ABOARD
THE CARLINIA, EH, SKIPPER?
SHE'S SURE ROLLING--!!



BEYOND THE CARLINIA, THE SECOND ESCORT DESTROYER, THE U.S.S. DRAKE, PROTECTS THE BIG LINER'S PORT FLANK



ABOARD THE CARLINIA

I FEEL PRETTY SAFE WITH THE PAWNEE ESCORTING US! THAT'S THE DESTROYER THAT SANK THE JAP PLANE CARRIER... THEY ALSO GOT A SUB !!



TOWARDS EVENING OUR ESCORT IS TO BE JOINED BY A TASK FORCE OF TWO CRUISERS AND MORE DESTROYERS... WE'LL BE WELL PROTECTED THEN...!



OH, OH... LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK ROLLING IN AHEAD, SIR

WE'LL CLOSE IN ON THE CARLINIA A BIT... SIGNAL THE DRAKE, CONROY



BLAST THE FOG... IT'S GOING TO COMPLICATE THINGS !!



BOY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET THAT BABY OFF MY HANDS !!



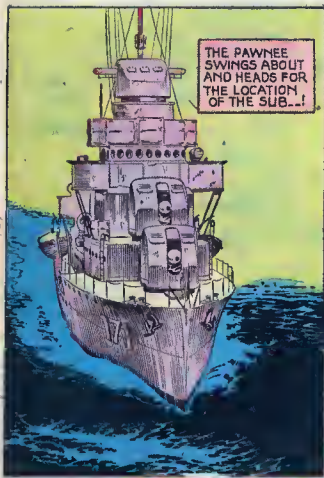
THE BIG TROPIC TRANSPORT MOVES AT REDUCED SPEED THROUGH THE GREY MURK WITH HER SHADY ESCORTS ON EITHER SIDE



SUDDENLY, DOWN IN THE PAWNEE'S HOLE...

HELLO THE BRIDGE...!! SUBMARINE CONTACT ASTERN...130 DEGREES





IT'S A JAP SUB ALL RIGHT... HE SPOTTED US AT DAWN, BUT THE FOG CLOSED IN BEFORE HE COULD GET IN TO A FIRING POSITION ----



THE ONLY WAY HE CAN JUJUGE THE CARLINIA'S COURSE AND SPEED NOW IS TO TRAIL ASTERN AND LAUNCH HIS TORPEDOES FROM THERE WHEN HE'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE HER!



RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES!!



THE PAWNEE PLUNGES THROUGH THE FOG IN A WIDE CIRCLE LAYING HER DEPTH CHARGES ---



KEEP THAT FOG SIREN GOING, CONROY...!! I CAN HEAR THE ORAKE'S SIREN SOMEWHERE OFF TO STARBOARD!

I DON'T SEE ANY OIL OR WRECKAGE, SKIPPER... THINK WE GOT THAT SUB?



BUT THE WILY SUB COMMANDER HAS HEARD THE SHRILL WHINE OF THE DESTROYER'S PROPELLORS AS THEY COME BACK TO SEARCH FOR HIM ASTERN OF THE TRANSPORT

DOWN TO 100 FEET... WE GO UNDER TRANSPORT AND AHEAD OF HER... SHE HASN'T INCREASED SPEED ---!!

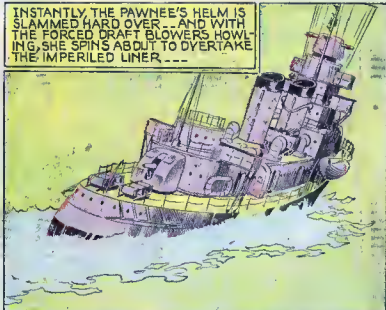


ABOARD THE PAWNEE

CONTACTED SUBMARINE AGAIN! SHE'S MOVING SOMEWHERE JUST AHEAD OF THE CARLINIA...!



INSTANTLY THE PAWNEE'S HELM IS SLAMMED HARD OVER... AND WITH THE FORCED DRAFT BLOWERS HOWLING, SHE SPINS ABOUT TO OVERTAKE THE IMPERILED LINER ---

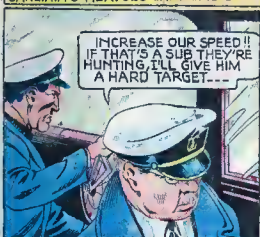


TRICKED--BY HARRY!!--THAT JAP IS CLEVER!! HE'S GONNA SINK THE TRANSPORT AS HE PASSES HIM

HA, WE ARE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE LINER NOW... UP SHIP TO FIFTY FEET... HALF SPEED--WE WILL USE STERN TORPEDO TUBES!!

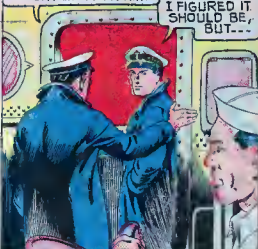


BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE JAP SUB COMMANDER OR THE DESTROYERS' CAPTAINS THEIR CALCULATIONS OF EACH OTHERS LOCATIONS HAVE BEEN UPSET BY THE CARLINIA'S NERVOUS CAPTAIN ---



INCREASE OUR SPEED!! IF THAT'S A SUB THEY'RE HUNTING, I'LL GIVE HIM A HARD TARGET---

ABOARD THE PAWNEE... SUB CONTACT OFF PORT BEAM, SIR... WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!



THE CARLINIA'S HORN SOUNDS CLOSER THAN I FIGURED IT SHOULD BE, BUT---

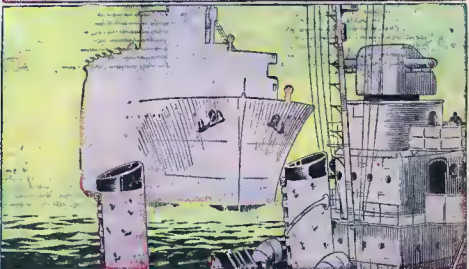
HARD TO PORT ON THE HELM... WE'LL BE CROSSING THE TRANSPORT'S COURSE TO GET THE SUB, BUT WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF HER ---



THERE GOES THE TRANSPORT'S FOG HORN AGAIN --- BY GOSH IT SOUNDS CLOSE...!! WONDER IF --- HOLY SOX ---!!!



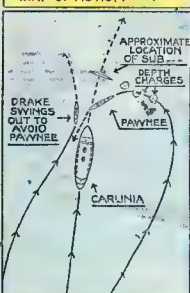
AS THE DEPTH CHARGES TUMBLE OFF THE PAWNEE'S STERN, A MASSIVE SHAPE SUDDENLY LOOMS OUT OF THE FOG CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER'S PORT SIDE ---!!



LOOK...!! SKIPPER...
THE ORAKE IS COMING
UP FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE CARLINIA!!
WE'RE CUT OFF...!!

IF WE GO ON WE'LL
RAM THE DRAKE...!!
IF WE TRY TO TURN
THE CARLINIA WILL
RAM US...!!

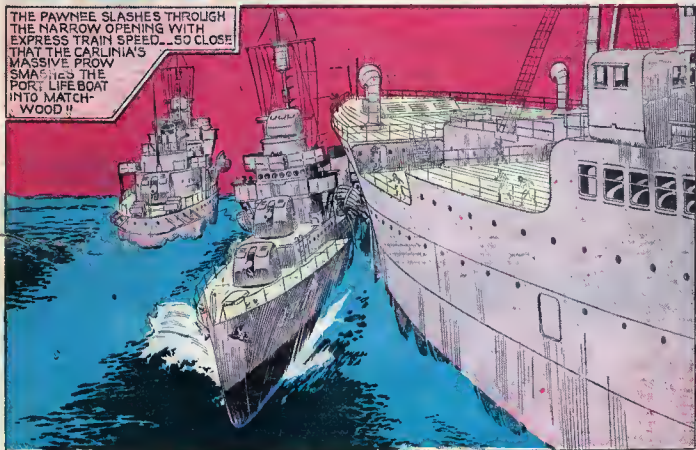
MAP OF ACTION



SOUND COLLISION
ALARM, CONROY...I'M
GOING BETWEEN 'EM
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!!

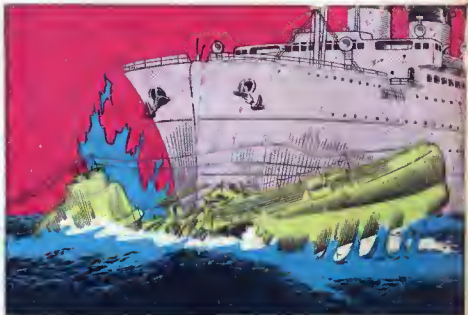


THE PAWNEE SLASHES THROUGH
THE NARROW OPENING WITH
EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED...SO CLOSE
THAT THE CARLINIA'S
MASSIVE PROW
SMASHES THE
PORT LIFE BOAT
INTO MATCH-
WOOD!!



BUT THE PAWNEE'S
DEPTH CHARGES HAVE
HIT THEIR TARGET...!!
CRIPPLED BY THE
EXPLOSIONS, THE JAP
SUB IS FORCED TO THE
SURFACE...AND IT
ROLLS HELPLESSLY,
DIRECTLY IN THE
PATH OF THE ONRUSH-
ING CARLINIA...!!





THE PAWNEE CIRCLES TO TAKE UP HER POSITION OFF THE CARLINIA'S STARBOARD SIDE ONCE AGAIN.



OH...BROTHER!!...ANOTHER CLOSE ONE LIKE THAT AND I'LL BE READY FOR A PADDED CELL....!!



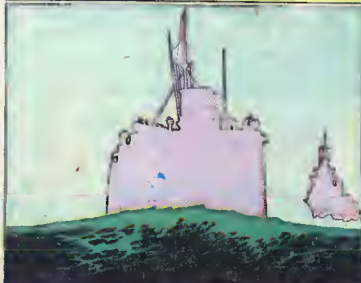
THAT OLD FOOL ON THE CARLINIA MUST HAVE INCREASED HIS SPEED...!! EVEN THE JAP SUB CAPTAIN WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE



HAVE THAT LIFE BOAT CLEARED AWAY CONROY! I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THE TASK FORCE TAKE OVER THIS JOB...!!



THE TRANSPORT AND HER ESCORTS FADE INTO THE FOG... BOUND FOR THE WAR ZONE



BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE OF
DESTROYER 171

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
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